THE

CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed..."

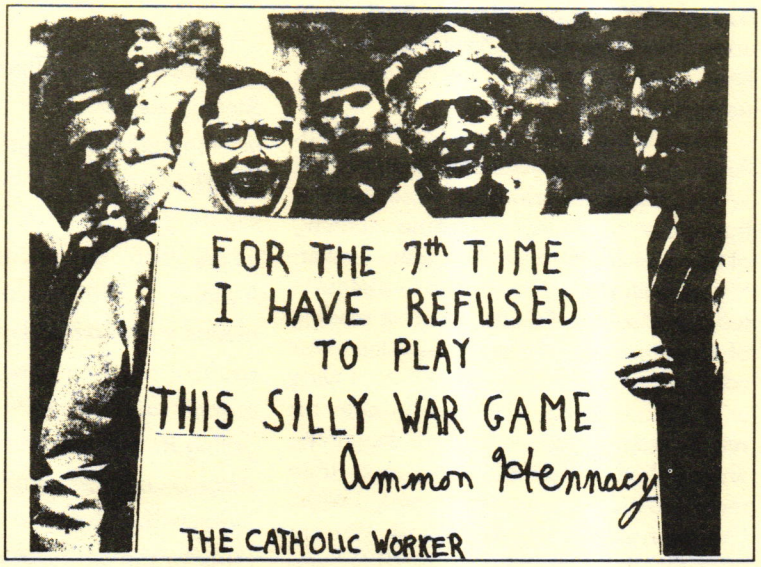
April/May 1993 **Price: For whatever it's worth**

Celebrating Ammon Hennacy

by Michael True

"Hell," he wrote in his last leaflet, "might be called what the Christians have made of this earth, in Christ's name."

Open his books at any page and you will find similar aphorisms and bits of advice on how to "live the revolution now." A typical leaflet, distributed in Dugway, Utah, August 6 to August 29, 1969, read: "I have openly refused to pay any federal income tax since 1943. Just now I am picketing the tax office for 24 days, as it is 24 years since we dropped the bomb at Hiroshima.



Catholic Workers Eileen Eagen and Ammon Hennecy refuse to leave City Hall Park during civil defense drill, 1961.

"We call ourselves a Christian country, but we have not asked God or man for forgiveness for that crime," he continued. "The army and the tax man may be honest and kindly, but they are in a bad business. My picketing is not especially to embarrass them, but to challenge them to quit their jobs; for as Henry David Thoreau says, when the citizen refuses to pay the tax and the tax man resigns that will be the peaceful revolution."

In the Worcester area, we have special cause to remember, to celebrate, and to be grateful for the life and writings of Ammon Hennacy. He visited here several times, spoke at Assumption and Holy Cross colleges, Clark University, and the Phoenix Friday night forum on Main Street; appeared on Joe Hyder's talk show; and "taught" on the street corner or wherever he was invited.

Co-founded by Father Bernard Gilgun and Jeannette Noel, the Catholic Worker House of Ammon in Hubbardston was named for him, and many of us learned much of what we know of American social history—about the Industrial Workers of

April Fool's Day spoof of People Magazine enclosed.

(Continued on Page 2)

On Marriage

by St. John Chrysostom

Whenever you give your spouse advice, always begin by telling them how much you love them. Nothing will persuade them so well to admit the wisdom of your words as their assurance that you are speaking to them with sincere affection. Tell him or her that you are convinced that money is not important, that only thieves thirst for it constantly, that you love him or her more than gold. Tell them that you love them more than your own life, because this present life is nothing, and that your only hope is that the two of you pass through this life in such a way that in the world to come you will be united in perfect love.

Say to your spouse, "Our time here is brief and fleeting, but if we are pleasing to God, we can exchange this life for the Kingdom to come. Then we will be perfectly one both with Christ and each other, and our pleasure will know no bounds. I value your love above all things, and nothing would be so bitter or painful to me as our being at odds with each other. Even if I lose everything, any affliction is tolerable if you will be true to me." Show your spouse that you value their company, and prefer being at home to being out. Esteem them in the presence of your friends and children. Praise and show admiration for their good acts; and if they ever does anything foolish, advise them patiently. Pray together at home and go to Church; when you come back home, let each ask the other the meaning of the readings and the prayers. If you are overtaken by poverty, remember Peter and Paul, who were more honored than kings or rich men, though they spent their lives in hunger and thirst. Remind one another that nothing in life is to be feared, except offending God. If your marriage is like this, your perfection will rival the holiest of monks.

(Continued on Page 6)

Vol 7, No. 5 THE Apr./May 1993

CATHOLIC RADICAL

Published by
The St. Francis & St. Therese Catholic Worker Community
52 Mason Street, Worcester, MA 01610 Tel. (508) 753-3588

We welcome your letters, articles, art works, poetry, comments and contributions. Please address them as shown above.

Ammon

(Continued from Page 1)

the World (Wobblies), draft resisters during World War One, the Hopi, and the early days of anti-nuclear movement—from Ammon and his books. I particularly value a small card he gave me, during a visit in May 1969, with this information printed on one side: "Joe Hill House of Hospitality, 2362 S. 4 W, Salt Lake City Utah—Free Meals, 6 a.m., Noon, 5 p.m., Transients Bedded on the Floor Anytime. Friday Open Forum 8 p.m., Ammon Hennacy, Director."

On the back of the card is his most famous saying, written on Thanksgiving Day 1949: "Love without Courage and Wisdom is sentimentality, as with the ordinary church member; Courage without Love and Wisdom is foolhardiness, as with the ordinary soldier; Wisdom without Love and Courage is cowardice, as with the ordinary intellectual. Therefore one with Love, Courage, and Wisdom is one in a million, who changes the world, as with Jesus, Buddha, and Gandhi."

A note from Ammon the same year, shortly before he and his wife, Joan Thomas, left Salt Lake City for Catholic Worker Houses along the way to and from Worcester, suggests his generosity of spirit: "When I speak if you could get something for helping us out with gas, it would be ok. I'll bring books along. We will be glad to see you and the kids. Love, Ammon and Joan."

During his lifetime, Ammon participated in a number of the great struggles for justice an peace, so he brings particular authority in recommending eighteen others whom he regarded as "one man/woman revolutions," including John Woolman, Thomas Paine, Mother Jones, Eugene Victor Debs, Clarence Darrow, Dorothy Day, Malcolm X. In writing about such people, "I hope the reader will gain inspiration," Ammon said, "but to follow any of them blindly is not to be a man/woman revolution yourself. They and others can help you, but if it is to be, you have to be your own one man/woman revolution."

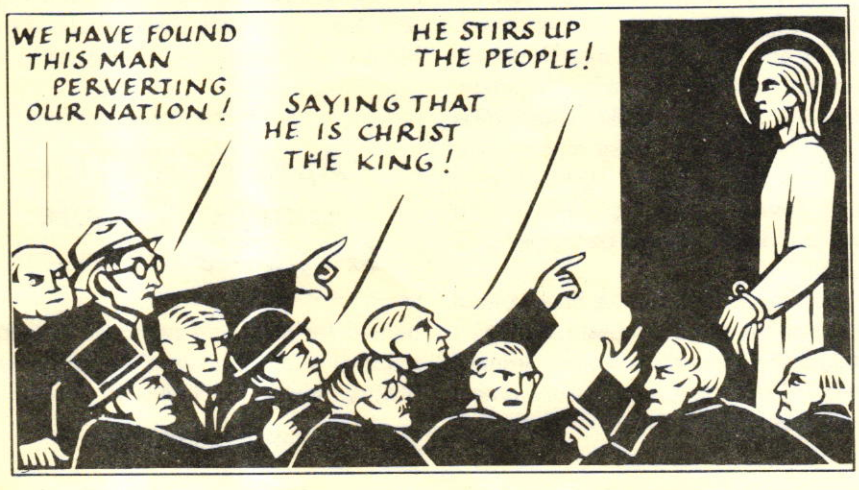
Born in Eastern Ohio on July 24, 1893, Ammon joined the Industrial Workers of the World at sixteen, and after three years at three different colleges, became secretary of the Socialist party at Ohio State University. A draft resister, he served two years in federal prison, in Atlanta, where a reading of the Bible and later Leo Tolstoy led to his conversion as a Christian anarchist. Living with Selma Melms in Wisconsin after his release from prison, he had two daughters, and worked in the Milwaukee area, then moved to the Southwest in the early 1940s. He began writing for the *Catholic Worker* after meeting Dorothy Day in 1937, was baptized a Catholic in 1952, and later served as associate editor of the newspaper. Following several years in New York City in the 1950s, Ammon returned to the West. He died "a non-church Christian," as he called himself, in January 1970, after leading a protest against capital punishment at the state capitol building, in Salt Lake City.

Later this year, Fortkamp Publishing Co., Baltimore, will publish a new edition of *The Book of Ammon*, first published as *The Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist* (1953), with a Foreword by Dorothy Day. And the Friday evening Clarification of Thought, May 9, 1993, at Maryhouse Catholic Worker, in Lower Manhattan, will mark the centenary of his birth.

Dorothy Day called Ammon "a man of vision, of which there are too few. Sometimes he may seem to be hoping against hope, but I prefer to remember that other quotation of St. Paul's," she added. "He has the charity that 'rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' ...God bless him.' ✚

I have tramped in all of these United States. As I write I look on the fields of waving grain, the huge cottonwoods that line the laterals, and the jutted stretch of seeming cardboard-like mountains at whose feet live the Pima and Maricopa Indians. ...Truly America the Beautiful means much to me. I refuse to desert this country to those who would bring it to atomic ruin... Despite the two warmongering Roosevelts and Wilson, I think of Altgeld, old Bob LaFollette and Debs. Despite the Klan and Legion vigilantes I think of the old-time Wobblies, of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Berkmans and Emma Goldman. Despite the warmongering churches I think of the old-time Quakers who paid no taxes for war and who hid escaped slaves...

—Radical Philosophy



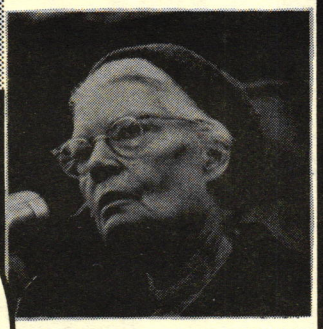
Ada Bethune

Saints preserve us...

April 1, 1993 $0.00

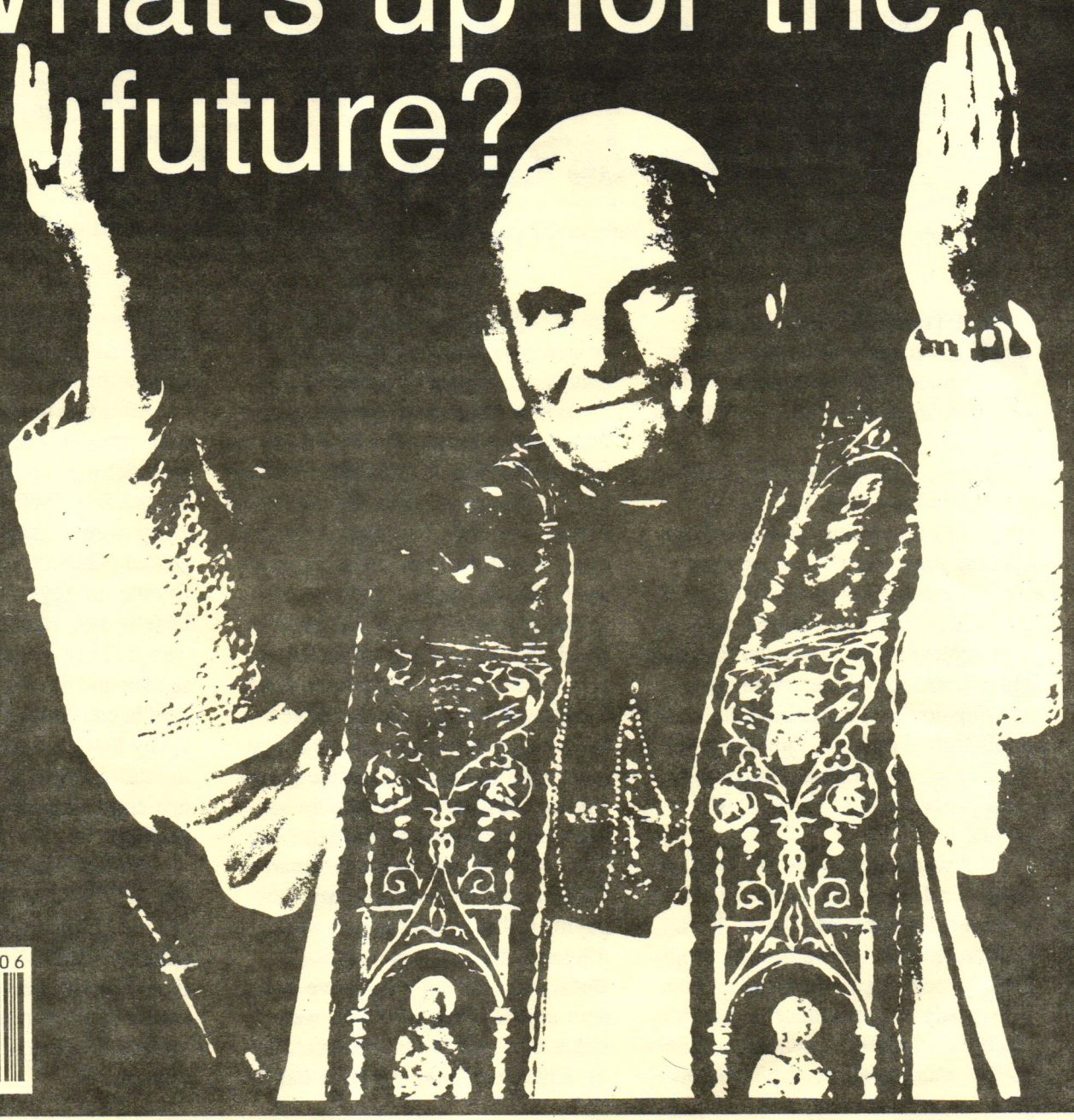
John Paul II looks ahead.

People weekly



...it's Saint Dorothy Day!

What's up for the future?



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UP FRONT

NO STOPPING HIM NOW

▲ Undeterred by crowded Vatican streets, John Paul II jogs each and every day.

AFTER WRITING MORE encyclicals and logging more miles than any Pope in history, what's John Paul II got in store for us next?

It's early in Vatican City, just past 5 AM, but Pope John Paul II has already said morning prayer, walked his dog, jogged ten miles and read twelve newspapers in nine languages! At an age when many people consider it an achievement if they can find their glasses, the pontiff shows no signs of slowing down. True enough he's lost a full second on his ski jumping, yet this is more than compensated by his recent mastery of Olympic class tennis.

But what more could His Holiness hope to achieve? He's already visited every country on earth twice. He's written reams on virtually every topic. He's helped topple communism and even made an appearance on Saturday Night Live, albeit a quick one. Surely such monumental accomplishments are enough for him to rest easy in his golden days, but John Paul II isn't ready for a bungalow in Miami yet.

When asked about the future, the Pope pushes his dog Rocky off his lap, smiles with delight and says, "First of all, I'm going to Haiti to help reinstate Father Bertrande Aristide." In not so many words the Pope gave his assurances that the "bozos" who have seized power in Haiti would soon be checking the want ads for dictators. Next, without even stopping to have the shoes of the fisherman resoled, John Paul plans to pen an encyclical letter spelling out the absolute necessity for Christians to be nonviolent. The one-page pastoral entitled *Thou Shalt Not Kill* will instruct Roman Catholics to leave the military, stop paying military taxes and to work diligently for peace and justice. Because John Paul's fifty-five condemnations of the Gulf War were either misunderstood or unheard by the Church at large, the Holy Father plans to insert the new encyclical in the sports sections of the major dailies around the globe.

After tackling the military industrial complex a lesser prelate would consider this a pontificate well done, but not John Paul II. He shoos Rocky away from his legs and gestures to a locked cabinet. After a bit of trouble finding his keys, ("always a problem," he tells me), His Holiness produces a comprehensive Vatican plan to end sexism and abortions. Although few details can be revealed now, suffice it to say that women's ordination, inclusive language and free prenatal and child care services are part of the package.

Evidently no problem is too sticky for the first Polish Pope. Well, maybe not every problem. After telling the papal pit bull to "go lay down" a third time, His Holiness admitted that he'd had no luck training the dog since it spent the weekend with the Dutch bishops. ■

With a third miracle under her belt

CANONIZE THAT WOMAN!

DOROTHY DAY, THE CO-founder of the Catholic Worker movement, is now only inches away from becoming St. Dorothy Day of New York, patroness of the homeless, journalists and peacemakers. His Holiness Pope John Paul II is expected to announce soon that May 8th, the date of Dorothy's birth, will be entered into the calendar of saints as St. Dorothy May Day day. Her official depiction will be a plaster statue of the saint carrying a copy of *The Catholic Worker* newspaper which she edited in one hand and a jar of instant coffee in the other.

A life long proponent of Christian pacifism, Dorothy Day disturbed many Catholics. For years it seemed that her canonization would never get off the ground because of their militant opposition to her cause, but her miracles clinched the deal. The first sign that Dorothy Day is hanging out by the throne of the Almighty came in December 1982 at St. Benedict's Catholic Worker in Washington, DC. After praying for Day's intercession space was found in the two-bedroom row house to shelter 35 men. Her second miracle occurred in Malibu where she appeared in a vision to Martin Sheen prompting him to proclaim that city a haven to the homeless. Although less flashy, her third miracle is no less remarkable. It is the very fact that without structure, finances or any recognizable earthly leadership, Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker movement has not only survived her death, but continues to grow!

Ironically, during her own life, Ms. Day often told admirers, "Don't call me a saint. Don't let yourself off so lightly." She believed hospitality and pacifism were not extraordinary virtues, but no less than the minimum required of all followers of Christ. She feared that her canonization would elevate her work to that of super-hero, in other words beyond ordinary folks.

But then again Day drew great strength from saints herself even going so far as writing a biography of St. Therese of Lisieux. The Catholic Worker movement has been known to depend on various saints like St. Joseph the Worker, St. Jude, Patron of Lost Causes, St. Fidgetta, Patroness of Nervous Habits, St. Basil, Patron of Pesto, and St. Ludicrus, Martyr, Patron of Hair-brained Schemes. Speculation is already running rampant as to what special power St. Dorothy will exhibit. St. Anthony helps people find lost things. St. Ignatius of Loyola helps boost SAT scores. St. Christopher keeps down our auto insurance. What will St. Dorothy do? Perhaps she will help us keep our bank accounts empty, our homes full of guests, and our hands free of weapons. Then again she just might decide, after her hard life of long loneliness here on earth, that she wants to be a joyful, partying saint spreading good music, drink and pretzels to all. Only time will tell. ■

▲ **Saint Dorothy Day ponders the future.**

On Marriage

(Continued from Page 1)

Tell me, which trees are best? Do we not prefer those that are inwardly strong, and are not injured by rainstorms, or hail, or gusts of wind, or by any sort of harsh weather, but stand exposed to them all without fences or garden to protect them? One who truly loves wisdom is like this, and their riches we have already described. That person has nothing, yet has everything; they have everything, yet have nothing. A fence does not provide internal strength, nor is a wall a natural support; they provide only artificial protection. What is a strong body? Is it not one that is healthy, whether hungry or surfeited, cold or warm? Or is it something that is dependent on restaurants, tailors, merchants, and physicians for health? The truly rich person, the true lover of wisdom, needs none of these things, and that is why the blessed apostle admonishes us to bring our children up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord. Don't surround them with these external safeguards of wealth and fame, for when these fail—and they will fail—our children will stand naked and defenseless, having gained no profit from their former prosperity, but only injury, since when those artificial protections that shielded them from the winds are removed, they will be blown to the ground in a moment.

Therefore wealth is a hindrance, because it leaves us unprepared for the hardships of life. So, let us raise our children in such a way that they can face any trouble, and not be surprised when difficulties come; let us bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord. Great will be the reward in store for us, for if artists who make statues and paint portraits of kings are held in high esteem, will not God bless then thousand times more those who reveal and beautify His royal image (for humanity is the image of God)? When we teach our children to be good, to be gentle, to be forgiving (all these are attributes of God), to be generous, to love each other, to regard this present age as nothing, we instill virtue in their souls, and reveal the image of God within them. This, then, is our task: to educate both ourselves and our children in godliness; otherwise what answer will we have before Christ's judgment-seat? ✚

Consider Walking

by Claire Schaeffer-Duffy

"Remember, we are earth and to the earth we must return." So reads a line from the Creation Covenant printed in a recent issue of *Maryknoll Magazine*. Trouble is, I do not spend much time on earth because I put rubber wheels, glass, metal and an asphalt road between me and its soil, trees, sky and creatures. It is hard to remember what you do not experience.

At sixteen, I was so eager to learn how to drive. I remember deliberately jingling my parents' car keys as I flounced in an out of a Safeway one spring evening.

Now at 33, I am beginning to realize that my frequent use of our car might be sinful or even addictive. Is there a D.A. (Drivers Anonymous) out there?. Wouldn't most of us need to attend if we wanted to kick the habit of driving ourselves to death?

The Orthodox Christians and Muslims frequently touch their heads to the ground when they pray as a gesture of penance. The ground and penance are appropriate starting points for changing our ways in this era of ecological crisis. "Forgive me, O Lord, because my lust for speed has made me indifferent to earth's creatures."

There is hope. I believe I am on a road to recovery. I am holding fast to a commitment to walk daily in all weather, to pick up Justin from school. It is a small step, but I am heartened by the words of the Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh, "If we can take one step in peace, we can take two, three, four, and then five steps for the peace and happiness of humankind." Please pray for me and consider walking. ✚

Let the People Come

New Thoughts on Refugees

by an Anonymous Haitian

Let the people of the world charter flights,
rent boats, and create a civilian invasion.
Let them come by the hundreds
to stand beside the Haitian people and say, "This situation is finished."
Let the people come from all over the world.
Let the boats carry people TO,
not carry refugees FROM, Haiti.
If two or three thousand come to stand with us and say,
"There must be an end to this injustice,"
Then the United Nations or the Organization of American States
would not need their weapons.
This is the greatest philosophy on earth,
to come and stand in solidarity with sisters and brothers.
People like you can do this, and in doing so,
you are fulfilling the mission of Jesus: to set at liberty those who are bound

Spring Needs

With a full household here at SS. Francis and Therese Catholic Worker, with neighbors in need of food and ourselves in perpetual debt, we continue to appreciate your donations of specific items. Please call us at 753-3588 and drop by. We very much appreciate your help and try to put everything to good use as soon as possible.

Canned goods
Wholesome bread
Toilet paper
Napkins
Fresh fruit
Unsweetened cereal
Coffee
All natural juices
Whole milk
Cheese
Eggs
Pasta
Peanut butter
Dry beans
Rice
Margarine
Murphy's Oil Soap
Dishwashing liquid
Fresh flowers
A rake
Funds to repair the house van
Funds to repair our leaky roof
Funds to pay for this newspaper
Funds...

Sam Lalos

Catholic Worker Calendar

April 5 – **Mass** – Please come celebrate the Eucharist with us on Mason St., 7 PM.

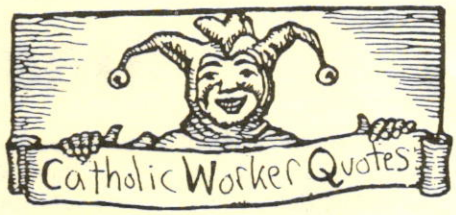
April 9 – **Stations of the Cross** – Please join us in a Good Friday procession through the streets of Worcester both recalling Christ's agony and His contemporary mutilation in war, the death penalty, euthanasia, domestic abuse, pornography and abortion.

April 19 – **Mass** – Please come during the Easter season to celebrate the Eucharist with us on Mason St., 7 PM.

April 21 – **An inside look at Haiti** – Please attend a slide presentation and discussion led by peace activist Michael Cahill who recently returned from his fourth trip to the most impoverished and highly repressed Caribbean nation. 7 PM.

May 10 – **Mass** – Please come celebrate the Eucharist with us on Mason Street. 7 PM. This will be a special remembrance of the Catholic Worker movement's 60th anniversary.

May 24 – **Mass** – Please come celebrate the Eucharist with us on Mason Street. 7 PM.



Some weeks before Christmas, a former guest named Ephraim asked us over and over if he and his wife Carol could have pumpkin pie to take home on December 25. As planned, Ephraim picked up two pieces of pie on Christmas afternoon only to return them some hours later without explanation. Two months afterwards, Ephraim called and said, "I hope you aren't mad at me because I brought that pie back to your house. Carol and I almost had a fist fight over who would get the biggest piece. The police came and told us we better get our acts together. So I returned the pie figuring, if we're going to fight over it, no one should have any pie."

At the start of our weekly Bible study, Ron said, "I have a Bible that I think is one of the original King James Bibles. I just have to carbon date the dust inside to be sure. It might even be a Guttenberg."

Easy Essay

by Peter Maurin

They and We

People say:
"They don't do this,
they don't do that,
they ought to do this,
they ought to do that."
Always "They"
and never "I."
People should say:
"They are crazy
for doing this
and not doing that
but I don't need
to be crazy
the way they are crazy."
The Communitarian Revolution
is basically
a personal revolution.
It starts with I,
not with They.
One I plus one I
makes two I's
and two I's make We.
We is a community,
while "they" is a crowd.

Mason Street Musings

"We've been robbed!", I groaned when I looked into the drawer where I had put about thirty dollars. Apparently someone came into the room while we were at Mass and took it. Ironically that same drawer has over $800 worth of bills that I was worrying about. As depressing as the material loss was, I think I was more upset over the violation of trust that the theft represented.

I might not have been so bent out of shape if this incident was isolated, but sadly it was not. Claire had some birthday money stolen and a battered woman whom we sheltered ran up a $45 phone bill calling Florida. A couple came to our door at 10 PM looking for $15 cash which they claimed they needed right away to prevent the gas company from shutting off their gas. It seems like we have been take for a chump quite a bit lately.

Two days ago was one of our strangest experiences though. Kenny was sharing his room with a man named Mike who got up at 3 AM to go to the bathroom. While he was out of his room, a former guest named Steven snuck into the house with his girlfriend and climbed right into Mike's bed. When Mike returned to his room, the by now obviously drunk Steve told him, "This is my bed. Get the f___ out of here!" At 7 AM I went upstairs to gather laundry and was surprised to see Steve who didn't hesitate to tell me that he'd just come in "five minutes ago."

And then Claire overheard a woman being beaten in a nearby apartment. Conscious of how often domestic disputes lead to serious violence against women, she knocked on the door asking if everyone was all right. The man ended up threatening to throw Claire down the stairs if she didn't get out of his hallway. We've been back several times since to check on the situation and to repeatedly tell the woman to call us if she needs help.

Theft, lies and violence seem to be piling up around us. How can such sin be? My mind and emotions started to ruminate like a broken record on all the negative aspects of these people. But then I think of our patron, St. Francis of Assisi who refused to let his own peacefulness be spoiled by the sinfulness of others. He regarded injustices against himself as opportunities to practice love of enemies and Christ-like forgiveness. Francis considered money to have no more value than "flies" or "the dust of the earth." His focus on following God's will could scarcely be disturbed by someone who steals money or any material possession from him.

Also, I think about other guests who we've come to know well. Huong was a Vietnamese boat person whose aunt lost five sons in just three months of the war. "She couldn't cry any more after the death of the third son," he told us. Ali was a general under the Shah of Iran who has lived out of a suitcase in fear of his life since

1979. John was orphaned at 13 when his parents were killed in a car accident. He endured years of impersonal care at the hands of foster parents. Lucy's rent was jacked up impossibly high and is now facing eviction along with her many grandchildren. People suffer so much. When you listen to all the details of their stories you want to cry with them and you can well imagine how they might despair, take to drink or drugs and become less than their best selves.

And yet, so many of those unfortunate souls are remarkably kind and considerate. Ali is the most gracious and humble man. He cooks a beautiful meal for the whole house once a week. John shovelled a ton of snow and thanked us, as did Huong, repeatedly for our hospitality. Lucy gave me a sweet Elvis Presley coffee cup after I told her what a kick I got out of her Elvis paraphernalia. Sure there is sin, but there is also love. I cannot give in to a Hobbsian view of life as "cruel, brutish and short." These people we shelter sometimes anger me, but just as often they put me to shame. I should live so long that I could be so holy as some of our guests and neighbors.

But even if people robbed us blind and never treated us kindly, God stays close at hand. Only hours after I discovered the money stolen from the drawer, Dan come in with $250 from bread sales at St. John's. We've never received so much. **"Give, and it will be given to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, will be put into your lap." Luke 6:38**. How true! God's providence softens my anger and reminds me of how infinitely forgiving and patient God has been with humanity, showering us with gifts even as we complain about this or that.

Lest we think God is a chump though, our lessons are not always painless. I had completed this column with a kind of self-righteous reflection on how I forgave the mysterious robber. And then our 15 month old son Patrick was playing with a box of envelopes and found sixty dollars cash. It seems I had not only misplaced the money from the drawer, but miscounted it as well. The "thief" I struggled so hard to forgive was myself. I'm sure God is having a belly laugh.

So, although we remain in debt and have various real worries, we know Good Friday is only a day and Easter is a season. Christ is risen! Alleluia! ✚

— Scott

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